

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1804.

Nº. 3.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

“O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
“Losing the days you see beneath the sun.”—THOMPSON.

AMIDST the various speculations upon life, that must occasionally occupy the mind of an attentive and accurate observer, none seem to command the attention more entirely, or are more fraught with unsatisfactory conclusions, than those occasioned by the mercantile life as exhibited in this modern metropolis. That the attention must be often employed in contemplating it is obvious, when the magnitude of its operations and the extent of its influence are considered. That trade is the great engine of national wealth and consequently of political importance has been long evident by the unrivalled success of those nations where it has been most amply encouraged; and by the demonstrations of those writers, who have probed the causes of national prosperity with an accuracy that has gained them universal sanction and concurrence. But the mind after dwelling with satisfaction upon these consequential and happy reflections, is led to extend its scrutiny to the individual parts which compose this great total, and by an examination to discover what is the particular character and what are the felicities peculiar to these useful and industrious portions of society. The enquiry I am afraid is not often attended with the same grateful emotions which characterize that upon the larger scale.

That the merchant is honest, honourable and virtuous may be allowed: that he is sometimes highly respectable for sound general knowledge and literary taste and acquirements is admitted, but that these are the general characteristics cannot be granted as fact. The experience of any disinterested observer will afford proof sufficient that this remark is not prompted by prejudice or ignorance: the periodical censor should disdain to be found guilty of either the one or the other; the dignity and virtue of a commu-

nity are under his particular guardianship, and if any remarks or writings can impart other notions than of the supremacy of money, and inspire a liberality too noble to make self the sole and entire consideration; they prove themselves to be founded in sound principles, and upon immutable authority.

Exemplifications might easily be given, but the intention of this paper is not to afford personal matter of allusion or to give offence intentionally. The assumption of consequence and arrogation of dignity, proceeding *exclusively* from their monied influence, and patronage of the lower orders in a trading community, by which some of this class of men so often offend, have yielded the motives for this notice of them, and have prompted the enquiry into other qualifications or excellencies by which their claims may be more reasonably supported.

I have mixed much with this class of society, and am intimately acquainted with some who would be deservedly an ornament to any people or profession; but in associating with these, I have often met with others of a very different complexion. Amongst whom, particularly, you will hear the most opprobrious terms, and disgraceful stigmas that can attach to men of honour and reputation. Rascal, cheat, scoundrel, are common in their mouths upon the smallest disappointment or misfortune in their mutual intercourse; and when a brother trader falls to a lower sphere, no matter from what cause, though of the soundest integrity; neglect if not calumny is the certain concomitant upon his unfortunate reverse.

How do they disgrace their profession by the vilest suspicions of each other; and themselves by discovering that in their eyes wealth imparts every thing that is great, good and praiseworthy. Money is the idol, it does not signify much who is the possessor, or what are his qualifications.

That these observations may not appear so general as to be considered invidious, I will submit a portrait to the reader; and if it should prove accurate, every person can

judge whether a parallel exists or not, and the credit or blame may be appreciated as is thought proper, by those who consider what is the end of human existence and what constitutes its highest excellence.

If money be granted as the means of happiness and enjoyment, *Mercator* widely mistakes the principle, and foolishly substitutes the means for the end. This being taken as an undeniable fact, for the bare observation of my readers must afford the proof of it: can *Mercator* be considered as a rational being, a man of understanding, or a man of virtue? Certainly not. As a rational being and a man of understanding, he would when enabled by successful industry, substitute pursuits that would enlarge and refine the mind, and afford perpetual pleasures while they compelled the esteem and affection of the world; or so blend them with his accustomed occupations, as to shew mankind that to delve forever at the mine of unenjoyed superfluity, without much more motive than pastime and habit, is degrading and ridiculous in the highest degree.

As a man of virtue he would be solicitous to turn his thoughts from things below, to those of a far superior import; he would embrace the leisure he obtained in seeking that knowledge, which will prove that his riches are as dross compared to the wealth he may in future acquire. If he has children, he will be delighted at their superior advantages to his, at a similar age, and at the opportunity afforded him of bestowing parental assistance and attention in their progress to maturer years. *Mercator* in substituting the means for the end; passes his days in the unremitting contemplation of money, or the fluctuations of commerce which when rightly understood produce it: the counting-house, the insurance office, and the coffee-room are only changes of the same scene: *Mercator's* thoughts, contemplations and conversations at these places are entirely occupied with the same object. If he is a married man, his wife and children see him but for a short time, when his mind is too much engaged to vent itself in speech adapted to the capacity or enjoyment of a woman: the coffee-room abandoned in the evening, what is left for occupation?

He cannot bear to read, or perhaps has not a single book in his house, or ever read one in his life: he soon gets tired of looking at the fire; the town if he is fond of scandal is too small to afford perpetual food for it, and his wife knows nothing of Bank or Insurance Stock, of the par of exchange, or the value of commodities. To bed then he goes exhausted; to rise next day and repeat the same dull round. He cannot always enjoy company, not feeling qualified to talk upon any thing but commercial, selfish,

or mere local matters; of course he is frequently a silent and insignificant member of the table. The week being so busily past, my readers would suppose that as he is born a Christian, and lives in a Christian country, the church would be gladly resorted to as a relaxation from more vulgar toils, and for the purpose of yielding the merited thanks for his prosperity and weekly successes. *Mercator* never troubles his head about the church: it has nothing to do with him or his concerns. Sunday is too excellent a day for paying debts in the epistolary way to be disregarded, and the counting-house is still resorted to; or if there should be no letters to answer, a ride to the country or a stroll about the streets will assist his health, and give fresh vigor for the busy scenes he is to encounter next day. *Risum teneatis amici?* Yet these are the men who astonish the town with their equipages, and the splendor of their houses; who seldom bestow any thing in charity; who lay out thousands in luxury, for no other enjoyment of their own than the gratification of personal vanity; for they pass the day in a dirty warehouse or the streets, surrounded by articles of merchandize, and pestered with intrusive draymen and seamen. And those are the characters that think themselves superior to all who cannot equal their wealth; who often look with contempt upon the poorer, but well informed and liberal minded man—who in his soul returns it tenfold.

To prove to my readers that I am not actuated by illiberal, or prejudiced motives, in this delineation of a character which is not uncommon; I will endeavor to relieve the picture with a contrast, which will supercede any deduction that might be supposed to arise out of what has gone before:

Manlius is a merchant, and he is rich; long habit has rendered the prosecution of his profession a pleasure to him, inasmuch as it gives zest to the relaxation he frequently enjoys. With a mind well cultivated, he can relish the pleasure afforded by literary pursuits; allotting to it that portion of the evening which others do to the coffee-room; he can after participating in conversation on rational and instructive subjects, prosecute a favorite study or amuse himself with less abstruse recreations. His mind is not constantly absorbed with his professional pursuits when out of the scene of action, and he enjoys the pleasures of colloquial communication around a festive table. He is devoutly religious, and Sunday affords him the highest gratification, as he is pointed and unremitting in his attendance upon places of worship. His soul is not occupied with self, for much of his time and purse can be devoted to the good of others. He is rich, and enjoys his riches. He makes them his means, and exemplifies the propriety

of persisting in his pursuit of them. This character adds dignity to his profession, and tends to relieve it from the harsh suspicion and disrespect under which it has laboured in every age and in every climate.

The consequence and influence of the merchant in this extensive country, destined by its commercial enterprize to emulate the pristine wealth and power of ancient Italy, from the same causes, should and must be considerable.—His character would vie in importance with that of any other citizen in other respects, as he may be equally called upon to mix in the superior grades of society, and to vindicate the interests of his country in the field or senate.—Though he may not rival a Lorenzo de Medici, in all his attainments, he may in the universality of his attempts to gain knowledge, in his liberality, and uncontaminated honour.

A.

~~~~~  
FOR THE COMPANION.

## THE TRIFLER—No. II.

[ You must remember that I next intended writing an "Essay on an Unfortunate Projector." I beg pardon, sir, for not being able, at present, to fulfil my promise—and assure you that in some more favored hour I will finish the essay on that subject. However we all know there is not much dependence to be placed in a *Trifler*; a being who thinks as little of order and punctuality, as an Old Bachelor does of the only proper means by which to enjoy real happiness while on his pilgrimage here below;—so please to accept, brother, (what! why bless me, are not you and I both authors!)—in lieu of the promised one, the enclosed paper—for I am *vastly* ambitious of appearing often before your respectable auditors. And, as no man can be held accountable for his dreams, I hope the frightful one I had last night will not bring me into disrepute among your fair readers.]

The business of the day over, I went into a large mixt company, where I hugged myself in the inexpressible delights of taciturnity; which I frequently do after my mind has been fatigued by study.

While the ideas float from one thing to another, without making any impression, and one seems thinking, and not thinking at the same time, the hum of conversation from every side of the room, which is all one perceives of it is very grateful to the senses, and gives a kind of chorus to the like jumble of inconsistencies which is passing in the brain.

I should imagine study, especially writing, must be a

great enemy to conversation: for altho' I give myself as little trouble as any man in Baltimore about what I write, or how I express myself, yet when the fit is over, I find but little relish for any thing but trifling about; talking nonsense; and that only by fits and starts.

Now an argument would be intolerable. Of all things in this world I detest an argument; and yet no man upon earth is more plagued with them; for mine being a bachelor's life, spending most of my evenings in taverns and public rooms, I am always overwhelmed with the hurry and confusion of controversy. But one thing generally happens to my comfort; that notwithstanding I never enter into the nature of the arguments, neither *pro* nor *con*, nor know any more than Moll Wilkes what they are talking about; nor do I listen to any part of the story, unless I may just catch a bit now and then to laugh at; yet I go away as wise and much improved by their disputes as the best of them; and can give as clear an account of the merits of the several subjects started, and the conclusions drawn.

Disputants are like fighting cocks, only with this difference—the latter fight to obtain victory, at the hazard of their lives; while the former battle it hard for superiority of parts, at the ruin of their understandings.

It being past twelve o'clock, and as I had sat the whole evening without speaking one word, I thought it high time to take myself off—which I did very snugly and precipitately.

As I was walking home the streets were so still that I could not help exclaiming, Good God! it seems as if the world were dead.—Not a creature I protest!—What is gone with all the bustle of the day?—Where are all those delightful nymphs that charmed me with their smiles?—Are they in bed?—Oh!.....

Passing by a church-yard I cried, how many ghosts might a disordered imagination raise here!—That gravestone, how it seems to stalk!—I wish I were in bed. But, must I lie here at last!—Well, it does not signify—when the soul has fled the body is mere clay, and may mix indifferently with its sister earth!

I got safe into the kitchen;—the cat was lying by the fire; but observing me she arose, and seemed pleased at my arrival. Poor thing, said I, thou art a very docile, and inoffensive creature. It is impossible, surely, that there should be any violent particles in the composition of such a domestic, obliging, fondling animal. Well, well, said I, enough of this—go thy ways, puss—taking a candle I went up stairs; but before I could well get into my room, I found myself very much out in my calculations



respecting the good qualities of cats—For another cat having got to our lady, they set up such a yell as was sufficient to frighten a whole tribe of Indians out of their senses. I ran down into the kitchen in order to quell the uproar; but they flew round the room with their tails as straight and as thick as my arm, spitting their fury like a couple of —. At last they vanished up stairs like a stream of wild fire, and out upon the roof, totally out of the reach of my correction; where they continued their horrid chorus, to the great discomposure of the neighborhood.

I was so bewildered with the noise of the cats before I could get to sleep, that—God help me!—I dreamt I was married!

I thought I possessed the sweetest creature imaginable: the prettiest, and most lovely lass, *that ever tripp'd the verdant plain!* Such endearments!—such rapturous bliss!—Oh! how I sung the joys of matrimony!

But then she would be so careful of me—I must never read, it would spoil my eyes: nor must I write, by any means, it made me so thoughtful. And then she would chuck me under the chin, saying I must do every thing she bid me, or I could not love her. No, no, I must not smoke filthy tobacco, for that was an odious custom.—She would rather I would take snuff, she said—and oh! how charming a brilliant would look upon my finger.—There, my dear—my sweetest spouse—now you are beautiful.

Upon my proving rather refractory under all these blandishments and restrictions, I thought she changed her tone—and when I went out she would ask me peremptorily, where I was going? If I told her to such a place, or such a place, she would say it was very foolish to do so; and that I was always going out after a parcel of nonsense.

Methought, in order to avoid these squabbles, I was obliged to give her the slip. But then when I came home, —[Oh, how I got it!—]—So now, she would say, you are always out when you are wanted—there has been Mr. Such-a-one, and Mr. Such-a one, asking for you—I wonder you will be so foolish now—Why can't you be content at home?—Where have you been?—hey!—Why don't you answer me?—How you stand staring like a fool!

Upon these repeated affronts I would cry,—zounds! what is the matter with the woman?—What is it to you where I have been?—I am my own master, and will do as I please. Then methought she would snivel, and pout, and wish she had never been married—and all that.

When I had any friends with me, I thought I looked like the most arrant dunderhead upon the face of the earth, for she would scold, and pout, and redden, and be so per-

verse; thwarting every thing I said or did; nothing could please; every thing was wrong; and exposing all our silly quarrels to every indifferent spectator.

If I went with her an evening to visit a neighbor, I was always terrified to death—for as it sometimes happens in these cases when there is much company, that the ladies and gentlemen separate, I was sure if my sweet spouse suddenly took it into her head to go home, to have her bounding into our room, with her hat and cloak on, her servant and lanthorn at her heels, and without any previous notice given me of her intention, demand my immediate attendance. Now if I were in the middle of an interesting story, it signified nothing to remonstrate: she would only be the more positive—and if I, observing the men wink at one another, pretend to domineer a little, and to say I would not go yet; she would set the whole house in an uproar;—so that for mere decency's sake, I was obliged to hurry away with her, leaving our mighty pretty deportment, a sweet object for those that were left behind us, to laugh at and enjoy.

What was very extraordinary in this dream, which lasted only two or three hours (but dreams are always inconsistent) I thought I had a very fine boy; which, though it was no more than a twelvemonth old, must ever be the head of the company; sitting at table at dinner, though there should be ten or a dozen strangers—and when from its sputtering, and screaming, I only begged the favor it might be taken away, for that it must be very troublesome to my friends, she would storm and rage, and be almost ready to scratch my eyes out.

After this terrible scuffle, she would be in the dumps, and not speak a word for two or three days—so that do what I would, I am sure to be worsted—for if I, at last, coaxed her into good temper, there was but a few half-starved kisses, shuffles, and caresses ensued, before we got into the same track again—up to the head and ears in disputes, squabbles, wranglings, and the most perverse endeavours, on her side, to make me as miserable as a hound with a *twitchel* at his tail, pursued, worried, and buffeted, by all the lads, and dogs in the parish.

In the midst of more confusion, by ten-fold, than the cats brought upon me before I went to sleep, I awaked, and cried out with a loud and shrill voice, Thank God! This is all a dream!



The present age if not the age of learning, is certainly the age of *book-making*; for the number of *hands* employed, and books that are issued from many parts of Europe is almost incredible. As few are happy enough to be di-



rected in their course of reading by able and experienced men, and still fewer are able to direct themselves; the consequence is that the mass of mankind without the previous discipline and ground-work of a regular education, become readers, of whatever catches their rambling fancies or is accommodated to their prejudices; and fill their heads with a crude incoherent jumble of strange notions on government, religion, morality, and every thing else: so that being inflated with vanity and bewildered in their understandings, they are not only unfitted to fulfill their proper duties in the stations of life where Providence has placed them, but become the easy dupes, and instruments of those demons in human form, whose sole aim is to confound every distinction between vice and virtue, and to destroy the essentials of vital religion. To those who have the real welfare of their fellow beings at heart, it must be matter of great consolation, to find persons of sound learning and superior talents, exerting themselves with zealous industry, to stem the torrent of infidelity and vice, which threatens all the christian world. That the endeavours of good men may be efficacious, their writings cannot be too widely diffused; and we are convinced we cannot do better than appropriate some portion our paper to extracts from the most perspicuous and energetic champions in the cause of truth. In doing this, we conceive there is no departure from the principles laid down in the Prospectus; we enter into no discussion of religious truths or political questions; but think it our duty to add all that is in our power to the publicity and celebrity of every work, whose object is to uphold whatever is dear and sacred to social, domestic, rational and civilized man.

We begin by giving our readers an extract from a production of John Bowles, Esq. published in London 1801, entitled "Reflections on the close of the eighteenth century."

"We have to deplore a convulsion," says the author, as he goes on to describe the moral state of the world at present, "which has already laid low ancient and mighty empires, and which exposes all empires to subversion; but, what is infinitely worse, that convulsion has given birth to the fell monster Anarchy, who has already established his chaotic empire over one half of Europe, and who labours, with alas! a dreadful prospect of success, to involve the human race in universal contention and endless disorders. We see the most sanguinary conquerors spreading desolation far and wide, and reducing the most populous and extensive regions under their despotic yoke. But what a yoke! Not one, which merely excludes the most distant hope of liberty, but which, while

it enslaves protects. No! *their* dominion is that of the vulture, who preys upon the vitals of every victim in which he can once fix his merciless talons. They do not even exhaust their rage, upon the physical existence of man; they endeavour to extirpate from his breast every religious and moral principle, and to deprive him of the consolations of virtue, and of the hope of heaven. It must be acknowledged indeed, that these fiends in human shape do not declare war against the arts and sciences; on the contrary, they strain every faculty of the human mind to its greatest degree of practical exertion, they explore with indefatigable research all the secrets of Nature, and carry every invention of ingenuity, and every refinement of civilization, to the utmost pitch of improvement. But these attainments serve only to render them a more grievous yoke to humanity. The cultivation of their talents, the extent of their knowledge, their advancements in science, only enable them better to pursue their projects of destruction, more effectually to attack religion, government, and social order, and to establish more firmly their horrid sway of impiety and vice. If the rude tribes, whom we have been accustomed to denominate barbarians, had not, in their state of uncorrupted simplicity, possessed some virtues, the want of which is justly lamented in polished society; if they had been distinguished only by that fierce and ferocious resentment of injuries, which rendered them so dreadful to their enemies; still their undisguised and unappeasable vengeance would have been as much less terrible, than the refined malice of the philosophical and revolutionary barbarians of France, as it is less horrid to be delivered over at once to a violent death, than to be subjected to every torture which ingenuity can invent, and to be cruelly kept alive by the skill of surgery and the art of medicine, in order to be reserved for an endless repetition of torments.



#### FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

##### GARRICK AND THE TAYLOR.

A sharp-set genius for dramatic fame introduced himself to the late Mr. Garrick for the purpose of displaying his imaginary talents. Although he had scarcely in his life been off his shop-board, yet such was his opinion of his abilities as an actor, that he thought himself sufficiently competent to the arduous task of rehearsing a part before so judicious, severe, and discriminating a judge of acting as Mr. Garrick.

This Cockney by birth, and taylor by profession, thus addressed our Roscius:

"Sir, I am your most *in-de-fat-abigail* humble servant



—I shall be *wastly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hoppportunity* of being made a *hactor*."

"Well," said Mr. Garrick, "and pray what part would you wish to have the *hoppportunity* of *hacting*?"

"Romo, Sir; Romo, Sir;" replied the taylor—"I should wish to *preform* the part of Romo; for my wife says as how, I read Robin Crusoe so *wastly vell*; and as how I have so sweet a *woice*, that she's *wastly sure* and *wery sartin*, I should make a *monstracious* moving *lovyer*."

"Well, Sir," asked Garrick, "and are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it?"

"O yes, Sir," answered snip—"I am *main sartin*, I can go *thro' stitch* with it from the beginning to the end on't."

"Pray, Sir," Mr. Garrick asked—"Do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air?"

"O yes, Sir," replied Snip, "*wastly vell*."

"Then pray tell me, Sir," continued Mr. Garrick, "when he was bestraddling those clouds, which way would you go, supposing his stride to have been about the extent of a moderate sized rainbow,—I say, Sir, which way would you go to work to measure him for a pair of breeches?"

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried the taylor, "here's a pretty job of journey work! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two taylors in London ever did such a thing in their lives. And I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon."

"Then pray, Sir," asked Garrick most indignantly, "how came you to think of undertaking my business, when you are not master of your own?"

"Lord, Sir," replied the frightened taylor, "I only *vonted*—"

"You only *vonted*," repeated Mr. Garrick; "pray, Sir, tell me—did'st thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Benquo off the stage?"

"No, Sir," says Snip.

"You shall behold it now then," said Mr. Garrick.

PARODY, IMITATING MR. GARRICK.

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! thy sheers are edgeless,  
And thy goose is cold—thou hast no thread,  
Nor needles in those paws that thou do'st stitch withall;  
What manager dare, I dare—approach thou like the  
Grim and greasy lamplighter, or arm'd chimney-sweeper,  
With brush and soot-bag—take any form but that,  
And my rich wardrobe shall yet escape cabbaging;  
Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy sheers;  
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
The botch of a button hole,—Hence, horrible taylor, hence!"

Alarm was the word, and the taylor was off in a tangent, perfectly cured of his passion for the stage, which he resolved never to think of more, but to attend to his shop-board.

~~~~~  
FOR THE COMPANION.

SEDUCTION.

Oh base seduction! at thy lawless shrine,
(Thou foe to virtue thou art passion's slave)
Oft hast thou doom'd the childless sire to pine
And youth and beauty to an early grave.

IT was one of those dreary nights about the middle of December (on which 'tis said that fabled witches love to hold their infernal conferences) I was sitting alone by my fire-side reflecting on the follies and vanities of life—early in the evening a suitor of my only daughter had arrived from P. he was a young man that the world held high in its estimation, and by his tender and delicate attention to her on a former visit (when she was in a state of convalescence) had intirely gained her affections and consent to a speedy union; to which I had cheerfully assented—he had previously resided in B. and was a constant visitor for some months to my family, but from the nature of his business thought it prudent to remove to P.

The watchman had called the hour of eleven—I snatched up the candle and was retiring when the voice of a person, as of one in distress, arrested my attention—I listened—all was as still as the grave, save the violence of the storm. I proceeded to the door of the room—my hand was on the latch, when a sound similar to the first caught my ear. I knew there was an alley between my house and the adjoining one, and thinking some poor wretch might have sought refuge there from the inclemency of the storm, I descended and opening the door leading into the yard I found my conjecture right. I proceeded to the alley—my eye caught the form of a female apparently in the last stage of wretchedness—I spoke but received no answer. I raised and carried her into the kitchen, where a fire was still glowing, and called my family to her assistance: the noise it occasioned roused my intended son-in-law—we retired a little—my wife and daughter having bathed her temples and changed her clothes—she soon recovered—and as we were returning, the noise of our feet attracted her attention—she cast a languid look towards us—she shriek'd—she fell—

The surprise this scene occasioned was instant—I darted a look of suspicion at our guest—his eye caught mine—his color changed alternately; his knees smote each other, and he

was falling when I caught him in my arms—My daughter stood like one bereft of sense and motion—Henry retired to his chamber. The wretched female having recovered, cast an enquiring look around her—said in a faint voice—It was but a dream of my fevered brain—I was deceived—It was not Henry S—— At the mention of this well known name my daughter enquired in a broken and almost unintelligible manner what she knew of Henry S—— she stared her wildly in the face and exclaimed, may heaven forgive him! he was my seducer.—My daughter swooned; she was conveyed to bed; and a servant dispatched for a physician.

I attended the wretched mourner who thus continued:

“I have but a few minutes to live, and ere this should have ceased to be, had not your kindness interfered to prolong my existence—But to my story—I am the only daughter of a wealthy farmer of this state, and Henry S—— became my suitor—he seemed formed by nature as a model for manly beauty—I loved, I adored him—we were betrothed—and my fond doating heart trusting too much to his honor, I was undone—he left me, base man!—But I will not upbraid him—he fled forever—and when my situation could no longer be kept a secret from my parents, I was thrust from their doors—friendless and unpitied, I sought refuge in——” here her voice failed and in defiance to all medical assistance her spirit winged its way through the regions of space to the throne of the most high, to ask justice for her wrongs or plead for her seducer.

In the morning I summoned Henry into my presence—the remorse that preyed upon his mind was visible in his countenance) he confessed the fact—I forbore to upbraid him; I took his hand and led him to the cold and lifeless form of his once beloved M—— he looked attentively at her for some minutes, then burst into tears, exclaiming “Villain that I am! a fiercer hell awaits me than that which now preys upon my vitals.—” he darted from the room and disappeared.

We followed the remains of the unfortunate M—— to the church-yard, and whilst the sexton was hiding her from mortal eyes, I raised mine towards the throne of Almighty God, exclaiming, “may this be the last sacrifice that is offered up at the shrine of seduction!”

SOLUS.

COMIC SKETCH.

Some men speak before they think; others tediously study every word they utter. Some men are mute, from having nothing to say; some should be mute, because they say nothing to the purpose. Some men say nothing

to their wives, and others would be extremely happy if their wives said nothing to them.

There are a set of persons who continually ransack a dictionary to puzzle their friends at night, and to pass for men of learning, by using obsolete words and technical terms, which they frequently misapply, to exposure of themselves and the diversion of their hearers.

One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain nobleman had fallen from his horse, and received a severe *blow* in his *stomach*, which, it was thought, would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the Barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for this dealer in hard words said, that his lordship, in the fall, had received a *contusion* in his *abdominal* parts, and 'twas thought 'twould occasion an *abcess*. Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information before a customer came to be shaved. The towel was scarcely tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up a lather, when the usual question of what news? was asked. “News!” says Razor, “why aint you heard the story about Lord Squanderstock?” “No,” answered the other. “No!” said Razor in surprise; “why he fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a *confusion* in his *abominable* parts, that 'tis thought will occasion his *absence*.”

ANECDOTES.

During the American war, an Irish soldier on returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, “Hollo, Pat, I have *catch* a Yankee!”—“Bring him along then! bring him along then!”—“Aye, but he won't come.”—“Why then come away without him.”—“But he won't let me.”

Sir Richard Steele being asked how it happened that his countrymen made so many bulls, replied, “It is the effect of the climate, Sir: if an Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many.”

The Roman Catholics consider *matrimony* as a sacrament, and in defence of that opinion, assert that it confers *grace*. The Protestant divines oppose this and say it ought to be understood in a limited sense, for that marriage can only be considered as conferring *grace*, in that it generally produces *repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards *grace*.

An English officer, being tried by a court martial for cowardice, said “He did not run away from *fear of the enemy*, but only to see how long a paltry carcass might last a man, with good looking to.”

SELECTED POETRY.

ARUNA.

Retir'd and secluded from all that can please,
I court a retreat in the depth of the grove;
More grateful's the murmur that sighs through the trees
Than the airy vibrations of gladness and love.

The voice of my friend more delicious than wine,
That lately the full tide of pleasure convey'd;
Ah! I turn from the sound, his embraces decline,
And beg that he'll leave me to die in the shade.

The muses, that once could illumine the dull hour,
And soothe with their numbers the bosom of pain;
Now fly my sad haunts, since depriv'd of their power,
Their melody wounds, and their numbers are vain.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheeks of Aruna, blooms lovely no more:
The grass-matted pillow denies me repose,
Where sweetly I've slept in the summers of yore.

The rocks of the desert, rude, awful and high,
Seem mould'ring with horror to me as I go:
The wild rushing streams, that run rapidly by,
In sympathy swell the loud cadence of woe.

Thick clouds from the summits of mountains I view,
Hang darkly benighting the sides of the vale;
The raven's dull bodings are heard from the yew,
And the spirit of sorrow I hear in the gale.

Thus while through each province of nature I turn,
Her face seems unlovely wherever I go:
I look not for ease till in my cold urn—
Ah! well that we there find a respite from woe.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna, blooms lovely no more;
In the cold arms of death all the graces repose,
And Ocean's salt waves wash her tomb on the shore.

'Twas night, and the stars, and pale Luna were fled,
When, as pensive I listen'd, the voice of the gale,
Thro' a dim gleam of light that encompass'd my bed,
The shade of Aruna rose silent and pale.

How chang'd from the maiden once blooming and fair,
The pride of the village, the joy of the plain?
How mournful her step, and dejected her air,
And languid her look, as the moon in the wane.

Her hair was dishevell'd and dripping with dew,
Her head it hung down like a flowret that dies,
Her robe it was damp, and her lips they were blue,
And sunk was the lustre that lighten'd her eyes.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose
On the cheeks of my fair one, bloom'd lovely no more;
To still my emotions her right hand she shows,
Her left was collecting the robes that she wore.

"Dear youth," she began, "thou remember'st the day,
"When sunk on my bosom thou wept'st an adieu;

"'Twas the soft voice of friendship that call'd me away,
"While far from the shore thy kind glances pursue.

"Now brews the black storm in the sides of the west,
"And loud on the wild winds comes howling along;
"Each hill shook the forest that rose on its breast,
"And lost was the wood-lark's mellifluous song.

"But wide o'er the ocean more dreadful the blast,
"The winds rushing downward its bosom deform;
"Like mountains bent onwards the huge breakers pass'd,
"And Death rode in fury the wings of the storm.

"Thou wert wont to compare my poor cheeks to the rose,
"But the rose and the lily are blended no more;
"Down the steep swelling surges our stout vessel goes,
"And high o'er Aruna the loud billows roar.

"Beneath the deep waters our vessel was torn,
"Thro' a rent in its side my poor corpse found its way,
"To the shore in wild eddies 'twas rapidly borne,
"And found by some swains on the beach where it lay.

"On the brink of the ocean they made me my grave,
"The virgins, with tears, bid my relics adieu."
She ceas'd—but how moving the look that she gave,
As wistful and wan from my chamber she drew!

Dear lovely, sad maiden! remov'd in thy bloom,
E'er Hymen's light wings on our passion were spread.
Ah! gentle companion, too good for the tomb!
How dark! and how cold! and how silent thy bed!

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna, blooms lovely no more;
No parent averse to our love, was the cause,
No broken engagement, like Colin's of yore.

Stern Tempest! ah why didst thou rise from thy caves,
And pour all thy wrath on a virgin so fair!
Proud Ocean! thou might'st have restrain'd thy fierce waves,
And for once made an innocent maiden thy care!

Now in the wild deserts dejected and lone,
The thought of Aruna still saddens my strain;
With the chill blast of evening I mingle my moan,
Till death, more indulgent, unite us again.

And now ye fair virgins, that live in the vale,
When the turf on our ashes grows level and green,
Commit to your children our sorrowful tale,
And silent and sad will your daughters be seen.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna, blooms lovely no more;
Ye virgins, adieu, drop a tear on our woes,
And lay me, ye swains, by my love on the shore.

EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

The qualities all in a *bee* that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in the tail.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

COLE & HEWES,

192 MARKET-STREET, BACK OF BONSAI & NILES' BOOK-STOR.